

A

1501/152

P O E M

O N T H E

D E A T H

O F T H E

K I N G o f S W E D E N,

Who was kill'd before FREDRICKSHALL,
December 11. 1718.

By Timothy Harris, Gent.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. W A R N E R at the Black-Boy in Pater-Noster-Row, and
Sold by E. Berrington the Corner of Essex-Street. MDCCXIX. (Pr. ~~1501~~)

P O L E M

ON THE

D E A T H

OF THE

KING OF SWEDEN



Printed by T. W. B. ... 1802



ON THE
Glorious and Immortal HERO E,
CHARLES, King of SWEDEN,

Who was kill'd before FREDRICKSHALL,
December 11. 1718.



Glorious Prince He was ! whose God-
like Breast,
Was early with Heroick Vertues blest !
Naturé with Wonders had his Soul
inspir'd,
And all that Art cou'd furnish, he'd acquir'd :
To which great Gifts and Graces of the Mind,
Vertue and Valour were at once conjoin'd !

With

With these Accomplishments the ROYAL YOUTH,
 Confirm'd in Honour, Majesty, and Truth,
 Set forth into the World, at scarce the Age
 Of Man, to Act upon the Publick Stage.

What Wonders he perform'd, the Gods can tell !
 And *Nerva* too, where Thousands, Thousands fell !
 But Oh ! No more—— The Brightest Star is set,
 That ever grac'd the *Northern Sky* as yet !
 Like Great G U S T A V U S, this Imperial Ray,
 Exchang'd a Mortal has, for an Eternal Day.
 Nor let the Conqu'ror boast He has overcome ;
 'Twas Heav'n that struck, 'twas Heav'n that call'd
 Him Home.

Some Happy Angel that attends him there,
 Instruct me to Record what He was here :
 And when this Cloud of Sorrow's over-blown,
 Thro' the wide World I'll make His Glories known ;
 So fresh the Wound is still, the Grief so great,
 That with my utmost Art, I can't His Death relate !
 Here Passion Reigns, but there my Muse shall raise,
 Eternal Monuments of Louder Praise.

His

HIS E P I T A P H.

R E A D E R, with strictest Adoration View,
 What will amaze the World, as well as you :
 A King ! A Heroe ! *Mars* Himself compleat,
 Within this Sacred Urn, in peace is set !
 Strange Truth it is, that He at once appear'd,
 Lively and Gay, and Mangled, and Besmear'd !

Hard Fate ! —

That thus a Plant so Royal, which had stood
 Full Twenty Years the Wonder of the Wood,
 Shou'd in an Instant, perish in the Bud !

But Humane Nature has, alas, no Fence,
 Against the Turns of Chance, or Providence :
 Nor can the Heav'nly Sciences foreshow,
 Or Wisdom, by its utmost Searches, know,
 Why, where, or when, we shall receive the Blow.

F I N I S.

His EPI TAPH.

Reader, with himself Admonition View
What will amaze the World, as well as you:
A King! A Hero! What himself compleat
Within this Sacred Urn, in peace is set:
Strange True! it is, that He at once appear'd
Lively and Gay, and Mangled, and Believ'd

Hard Fate!

That thus a Place to Royal
Full Twenty Years the World
Should in an Instant perish in the Dust!



But humane Nature has alas, no Power
Against the Turns of Chance, or Providence:
Nor can the lowly Sufferers foreknow,
Or Withstand, by its unmov'd Searches, know,
Why, where, or when, we shall receive the Blow

